



My Little Pony™

THE CROSS WEATHER WITCH

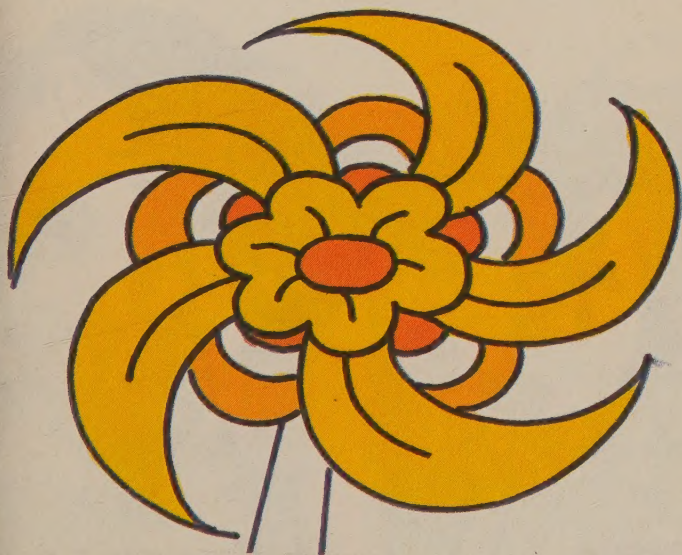




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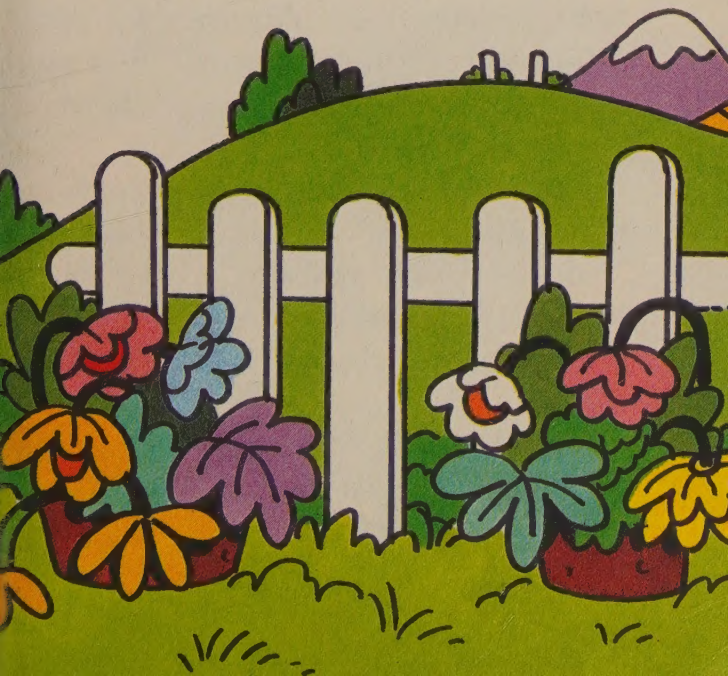
THE CROSS WEATHER WITCH

One morning Lemon Drop was busy planning a new jumping course. She had made a boat just like the one Seaspray used and now she walked over to a fence which



was surrounded by flowerpots to make the jumping harder. Nearby was Lemon Drop's favourite water jump . . . *she* was the only one who never fell in!

But suddenly, Lemon Drop noticed something very strange.



The water jump was empty . . . and all the flowers were wilting badly.

As Lemon Drop looked around in dismay Blossom came running up. "All the flowers are drooping, the sun is so hot," she cried.

"Oh, apple sauce, none of the apples will be good enough to eat now," grumbled Applejack, running up from the orchard. "The sun has scorched them so badly that they taste horrible!"

"Bubbles, go and take a bath in the waterfall," cried Bow-Tie. "You've been rolling in the mud again. I'll come with you and wash my ribbons. Some of them are dirty."

But when Bubbles and Bow-Tie arrived at the waterfall, there was nothing . . . just a large hole in the



ground, with the rainbow standing in an arch above it!

"Our beautiful waterfall has disappeared . . . the sun has dried it up," wailed Duck Soup and Sprinkles, who loved splashing each other with water.



"Oh, pony-feathers, now I can't wash my ribbons," grumbled Bow-Tie.

"And I shall have to stay muddy . . . and leave muddy footprints all over Dream Castle when I go for lunch," sighed Bubbles. "Gee,



pony-feathers, I hope Majesty will let me in. I'm hungry today!"

"Never mind you, what about me?" grumbled a voice. "Now that the waterfall has disappeared everyone can see both ends of the rainbow . . . and my precious bag of gold."



The ponies looked around and saw Liam the leprechaun, dressed all in green, his long white beard full of shamrock from the Emerald Lake of his homeland. He looked very angry. "Someone's upset the Weather Witch," he said. "She always upsets the weather when



someone upsets her!"

*"That's true, that's true,
Was it you, was it you?"*

sang Wavebreaker, Seaspray and
Surfdancer as they danced up and
down on the waves.





"Gee, pony-feathers, at least the ocean hasn't dried up," cried Seaspray, as she climbed into her boat to sail to Dream Castle to pick up Spike, the little dragon. She had promised Spike a trip on the sea with Seashell.



But as the wind blew into the sail, another strange wind started to blow and Seaspray and her boat were tossed here and there, helpless.

Surfdancer and Wavebreaker watched in horror. "West Wind,

what are you doing?" cried Surfdancer. "Stop it at once, or the boat will overturn!"

"I'm not blowing the boat," protested the West Wind. "It's one of the Weather Witch's most powerful spells. She only uses them when she's very angry! Someone has really upset her!"



"We must find out why the Weather Witch is so angry," cried Firefly, performing a double backward loop twice over.

"How can we do that? The Weather Witch travels all over the world. We don't even know where she is!" protested Medley. "I could try beating out a message with my hooves. Perhaps she will hear it and send down her answer!"

"Oh, pony-feathers, please try," begged Lemon Drop. "My show course will be ruined soon. My water jump is dry, but my Dream Castle jump is waterlogged! If things go on like this, I won't get enough practice for the next show. Why, pony-feathers, I just *might* not win the silver challenge cup!"

And so, as the little ponies



waited, Medley beat out a message to the Weather Witch:

*"Weather Witch, Weather Witch,
What have we done?
Why is your weather
Spoiling our fun?
Weather Witch, Weather Witch,
Please hear my call,
Come down to Dream Castle
And explain to us all!"*

Medley sang her little song three times before anything happened, for the Weather Witch was very far away!

But suddenly, a mist appeared, and down from the sky came shy little Twilight with the Weather Witch on her back. The Weather Witch wore a long cloak of spark-





ling dewdrops and a pointed hat, covered with sunbeams. She looked very cross.

"Weather Witch, where is your Weather Wand?" asked Majesty softly, for she knew that this was the witch's most treasured possession. It was made of silver lightning and on the end was a golden moonstar flower, the only moonstar flower in



the world. It was a magical blossom, and had the sweetest nectar in the world.

"Here is my wand . . . but where is my moonstar? Eaten by Cotton Candy!" thundered the Weather Witch in a rage. From the folds of her cloak the witch produced a stick of silver lightning.

"Doesn't it look funny without the

moonstar?" giggled Bubbles. "Oh, pony-feathers, sorry, Weather Witch! It's a lovely wand, really it is!"

"It's a stupid wand, like you!" retorted the Weather Witch. "And I'm glad you can't wash. My wand can't rule the weather now that my moonstar is missing. I have to rely on my weather spells, and I'm not as young as I was...my memory keeps playing tricks! The weather suffers..."

"You can say that again," cried Moondancer, who had struggled through a freak snowstorm to reach the others.

"And that's not all!" shouted the Weather Witch.

"Pony-feathers! More bad weather?" groaned Firefly.



"What can be worse than losing your moonstar?" asked Majesty gently.

"Everyone forgetting my birthday . . . yesterday!" cried the Weather Witch. "First Cotton Candy ate my moonstar flower and then nobody wished me happy birthday. It really is too bad . . . I do try to give you the kind of weather you like!"





"Oh, dear Weather Witch, we are sorry," cried the ponies. "Please forgive us. It is really the East Wind's fault. He blew the birthday calendar into the sea so we didn't notice it was your birthday!"



"Excuses, excuses," muttered the Weather Witch, but when Brandy and Twinkles licked her hand, a tiny smile appeared on her face.

"If you will forgive us, I will try to put things right," cried Majesty, as

she twirled her magic horn and sang:

*"Moonstar, moonstar,
We'll turn back the clock.
Candy Cotton will not eat you,
She'll pluck a hollyhock.
Moonstar, moonstar,
Float back through the sky,
Back to your weather wand,
Perch there by and by."*



As the Weather Witch and the ponies watched, down from the sky floated a magnificent moonstar. It clung to the lightning wand.

"My moonstar's back!" cried the Weather Witch happily. "Thank you, Majesty. I'll make sure you al-





ways have the weather you like."

"Apple sauce, can you make the apples grow big and juicy?" begged Applejack.



"Will you make the bluegrass even sweeter?" cried Cotton Candy. "I'm sorry I ate your moonstar and caused all this trouble, Weather Witch. I just couldn't resist it!"

"You really are a naughty little pony," said the Weather Witch sternly. "But, thanks to Majesty, my wand is complete again, so I'll forgive you . . . this time! But I do wish . . ."





"That you could have your birthday?" asked Majesty gently. "Well, Weather Witch, I like to make all my friends' wishes come true . . ."

And so . . .

"Look, the East Wind has brought back the birthday calendar and Majesty's magic has turned the time clock back," cried the Weather Witch in delight. "Whistling winds and sizzling suns, it's my birthday. I haven't missed it after all!"



"Happy birthday, Weather Witch," cried Majesty, and she handed the witch a gift.

"Gee, we must give the Weather Witch something too," cried all the ponies, and each of them made a wish, looking at the moonstar wand!





"A weather vane," cried the Witch as she unwrapped Majesty's present. "Just what I've always wanted!"

"This is for the garden of your little weather house," cried Sunbeam, pointing to a pretty sundial.



"And I've wrapped up some crystal dewdrop apples in this box. They are from Applejack and me," cried Bow-Tie.

"Brandy, Twinkles and Lemon Drop and I have made this special bag for you to carry your wand around your neck. It is as light as a feather . . . a pony-feather," giggled Peachy. "It is made from the dark night sky, soft as velvet, and it





means no one will eat your moon-star again," she added with a naughty grin at Cotton Candy.

"I've got this for your birthday," muttered the shamefaced little pony. "I made it myself . . . and I didn't eat one petal!"



"A nosegay . . . for me?" cried the Weather Witch, and she turned quite pink. "No one has ever given me flowers before. Thank you, Cotton Candy!" And she gave Cotton Candy a big kiss!



Suddenly there was a sound of splashing water and along came the Sea Ponies carrying seajewels for the Weather Witch. "If you ever need any of us to carry a message to the sea creatures, just call SOS, Weather Witch needs you, and we'll be there!" they said.

"Oh, shimmering sunshine, what a lovely birthday I'm having," gasped the Weather Witch as Sunbeam came up carrying a birthday cake shaped like a large snowball. On top of the snowball sat a pink



icing Weather Witch holding her weather wand.

*"Make a wish, make a wish,
And it will come true.
Happy birthday, happy
birthday,
Happy birthday, to you!"*

sang Majesty as she twirled her magic horn.

"I wish . . . I wish . . ." cried the Weather Witch.

But that's another story . . .



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The Trolls and the Castle of Darkness
A Shock at the Stable Show
The Cross Weather Witch
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